

VOL. III, NO. 12 MAY 1914
The New York Times

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



Notes of Interest in News Photos from London



One of the war canvases at the Royal Academy, London.

Mothers of Heroes. By W. Russell Flint.



Bust of Edith Cavell, the English nurse executed in Belgium; sculptured by Sir George Frampton, R. A.

A recent photograph of Sir Roger Casement, who has been remanded for trial for his life in London on a charge of high treason for his part in the Irish rebellion.



The Countess Georgina Markiewicz, who was convicted of being a Sinn Fein leader and sentenced to death; her sentence was commuted to one of life imprisonment.



The Message—by H. Y. Titcomb; inspired by the sentence: "Would to God he could have known of his boy's birth!"



A notable painting by Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A.—the Mater Dolorosa Belgica, or Belgian Mother of Sorrows.

Vienna Beauty Volunteers for Red Cross Labors



Baroness Marpurgo of Vienna, who has nursed Austrian wounded at the battlefield.



Countess Francis de Kinsky, who has actively engaged in Austrian hospital work.



Mrs. Emily de Pilis Brausewetter, who has organized a charity for Viennese widows of soldiers.



Countess Aimee Palffy, who has devoted her time and her fortune to the care of Austrian war orphans.

(Photos by
d'Oro, Vienna,
© by Universal
Press Syndicate.)

Peasants and Uhlans—a Russian Rural Composition

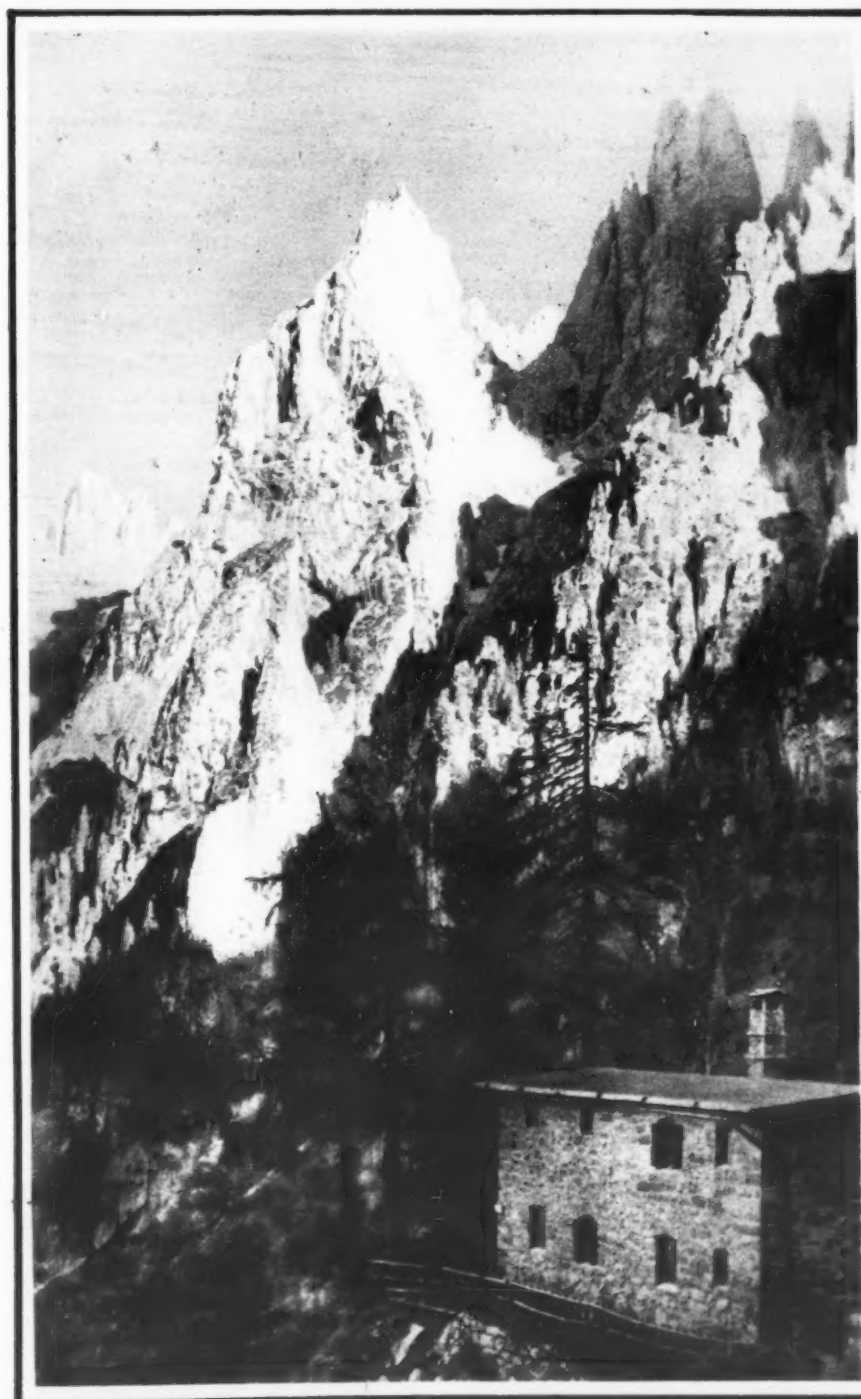


Austrian Uhlans in Russia are directed as to the right road to be followed by Russian peasants.
(Official Austrian War Photograph, from Underwood & Underwood.)

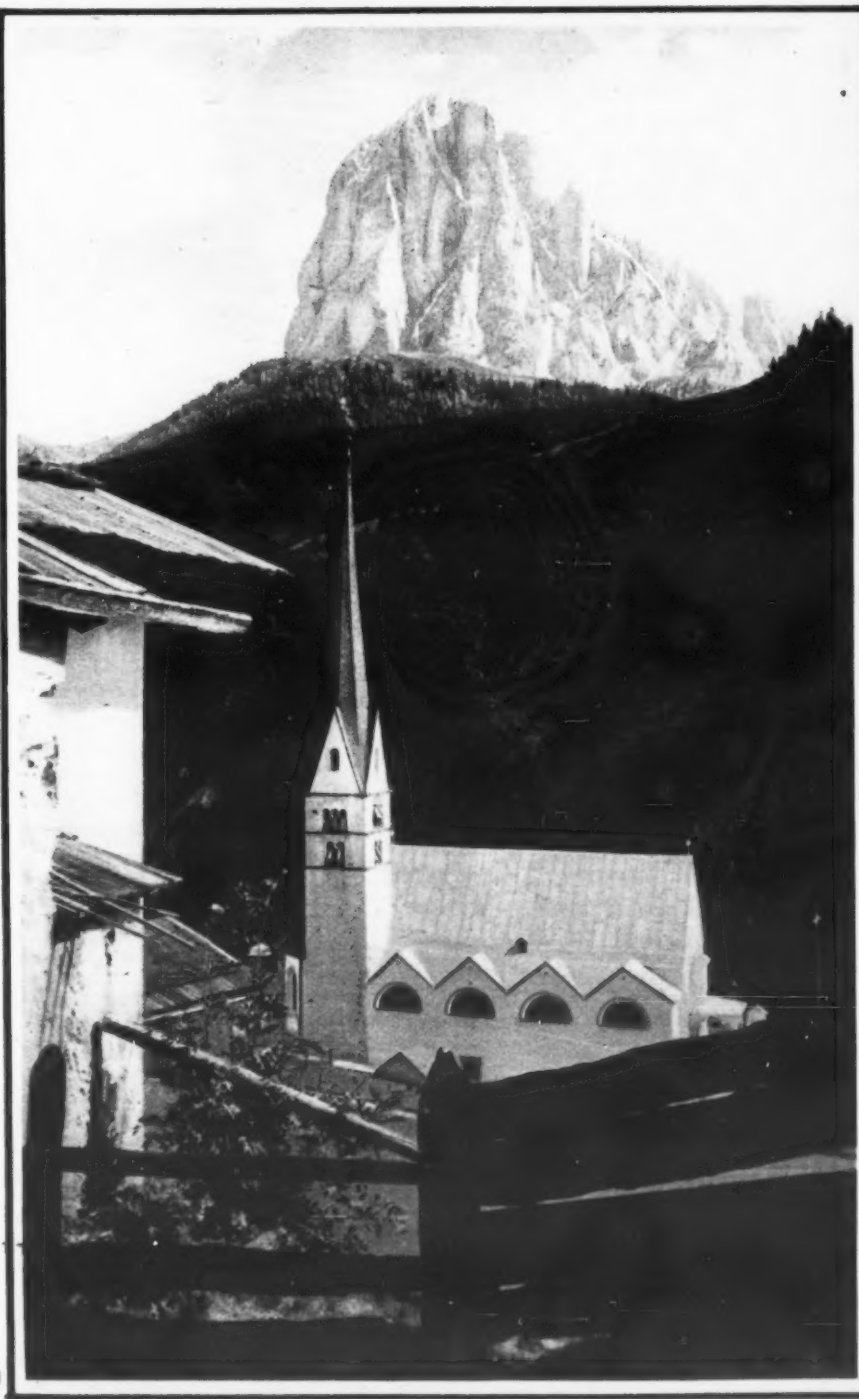
"The Most Beautiful Battle-Front in the War"



AT SAN MARTINO, IN THE SOUTH AUSTRIAN TYROL.



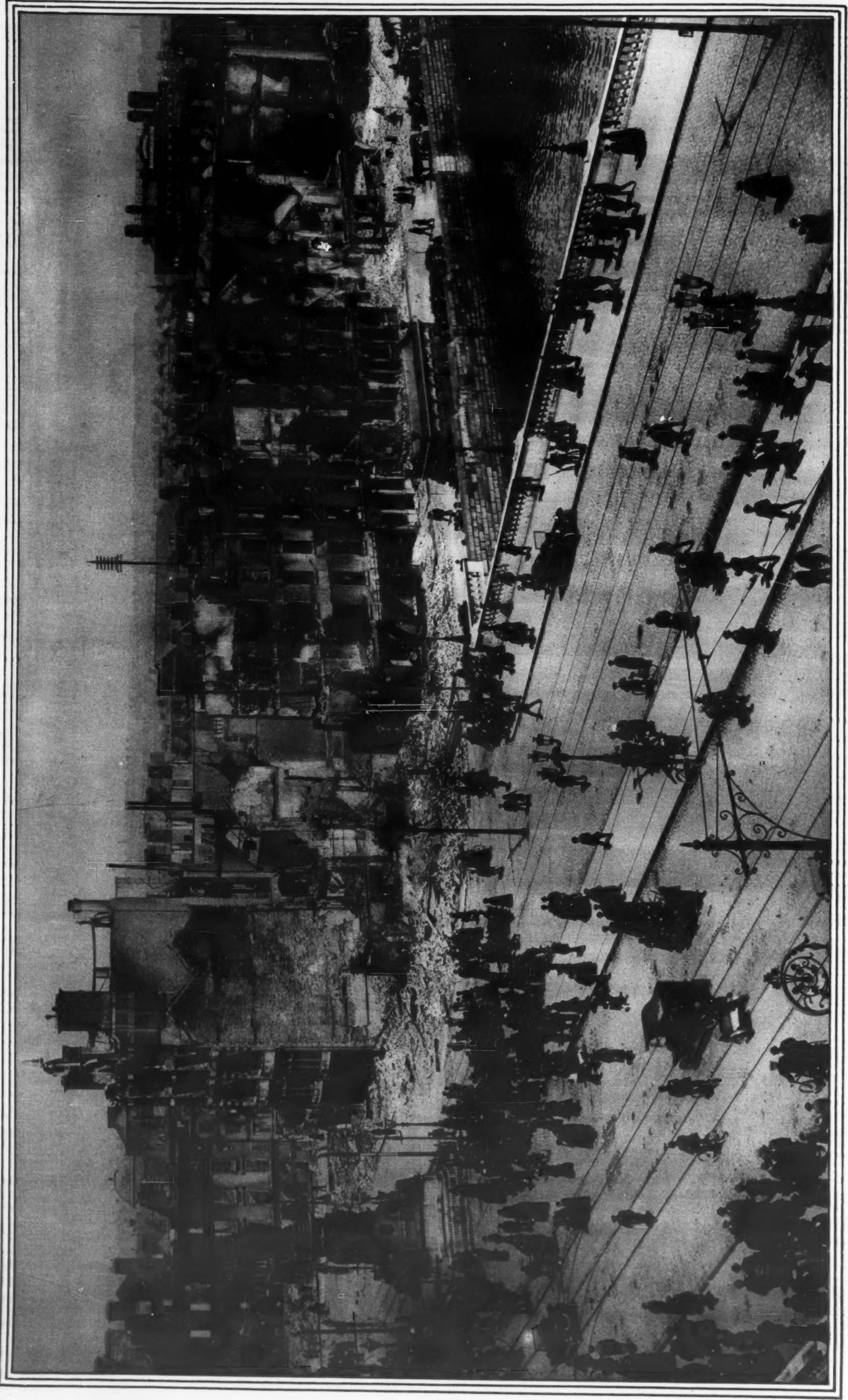
The Canali peaks on the Italian Tyrolean frontier.



'Peak above spire at St. Christinia, in the South Tyrol.

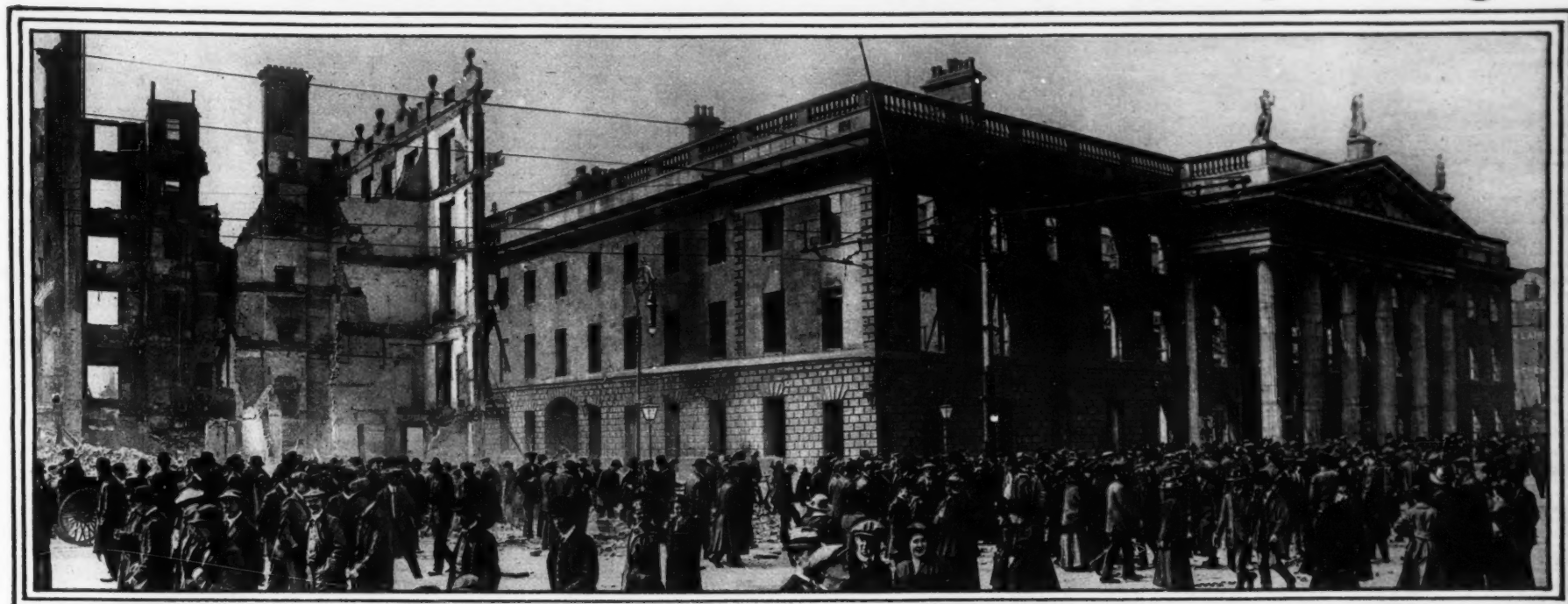
(Photos © Universal Press Syndicate.)

Devastation in Dublin Due to the Irish Rebellion



A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE CENTRE OF THE RUINS IN DUBLIN TAKEN JUST AFTER THE BRITISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES GAINED CONTROL OF THE IRISH CAPITAL.
(Photo © American Press Assn.)

Storm Centres of the Sinn Fein Uprising



Crowds in front of the General Post Office, which was practically destroyed in the fighting.
(Photos © International Film Service.)



Armed with rifles and machine gun, British infantry hold a barrier made of furniture piled across the street.



Scenes of destruction in Sackville Street, partly from fire and partly from shells.



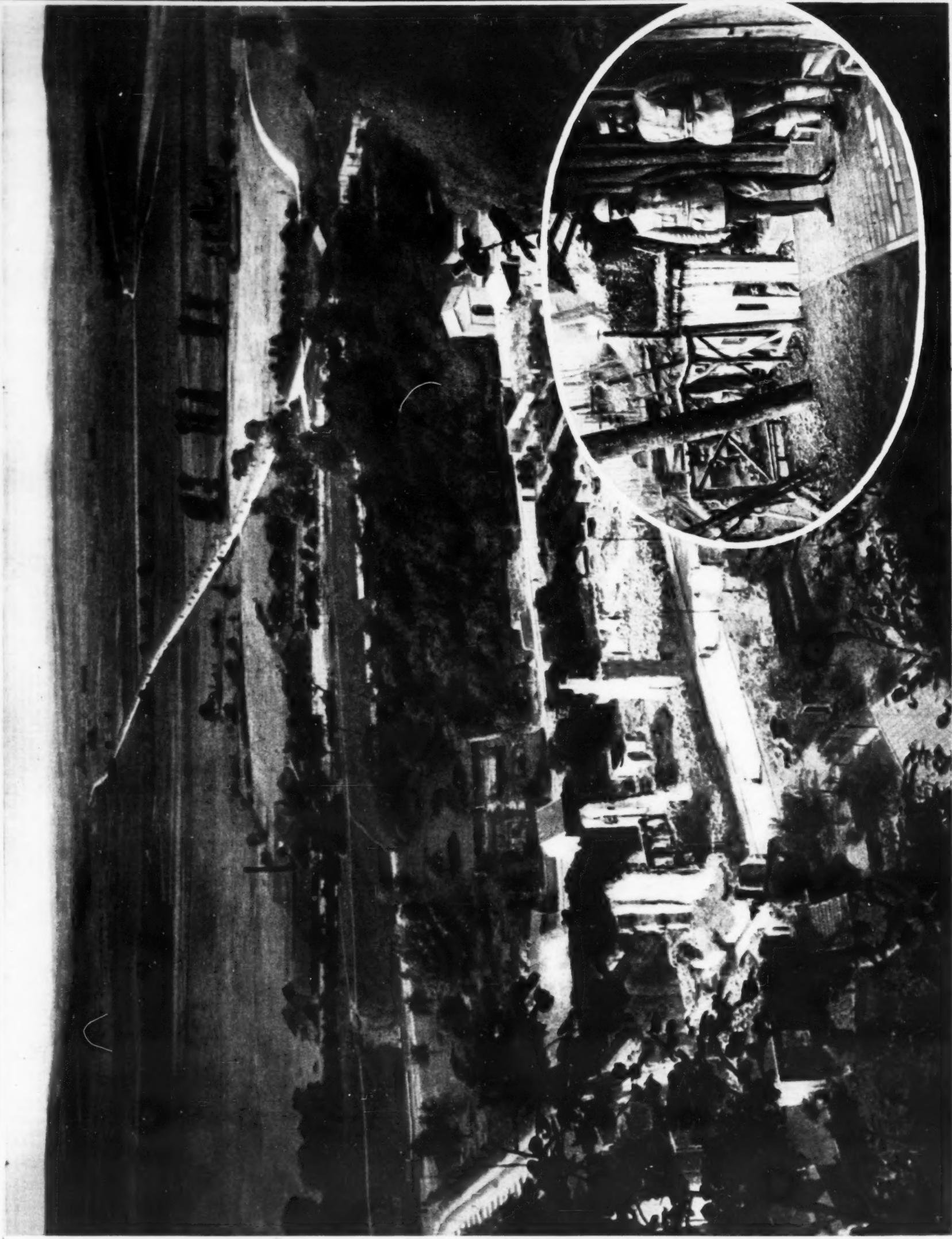
The interior of the General Post Office.
(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)

Devastation in Dublin Due to the Irish Rebellion

In the Forest of the Argonne with the Soldiers of France



Making the rounds in the Argonne with the French Red Cross dogs.



The large picture shows a panorama looking over the ruins of Clermont-in-the-Argonne to the Vaquois hills and the Valley of the Aire; (in oval) the commanding officer's post in the Argonne Forest.



The French sentry at the entrance to the village of Vienne-le-Chateau.

Turks Send Reinforcements to Oppose the Russians

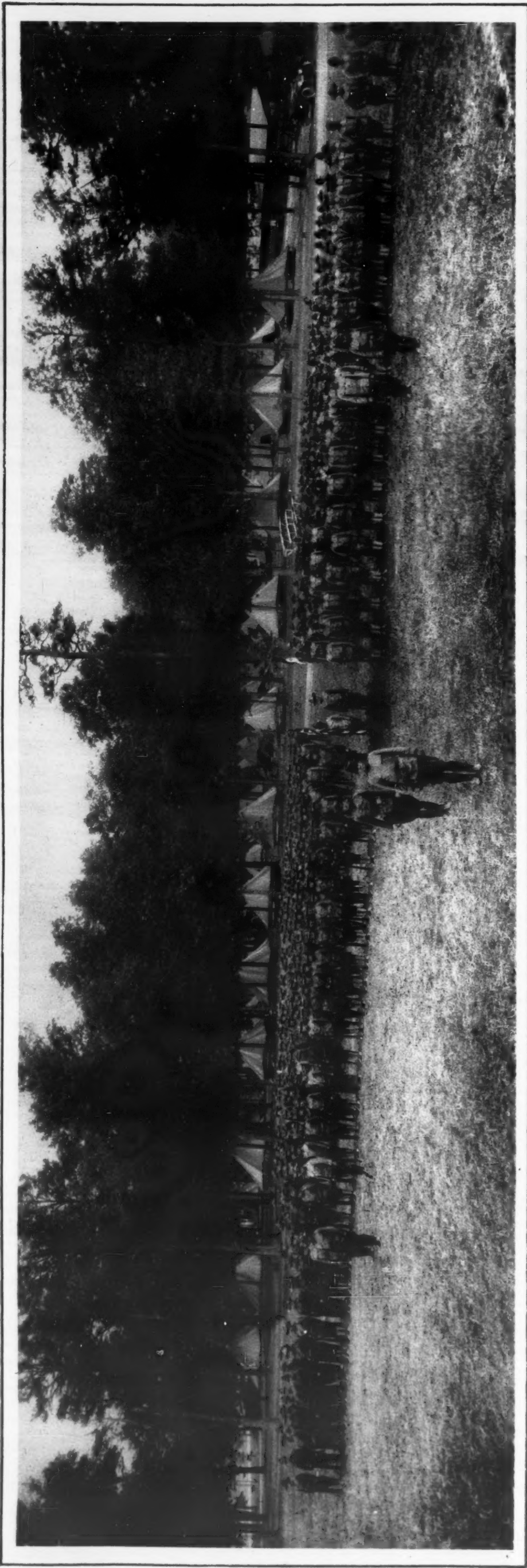


Turkish infantry deployed on a hill and waiting orders to advance; a forward line may be seen at the extreme upper left.

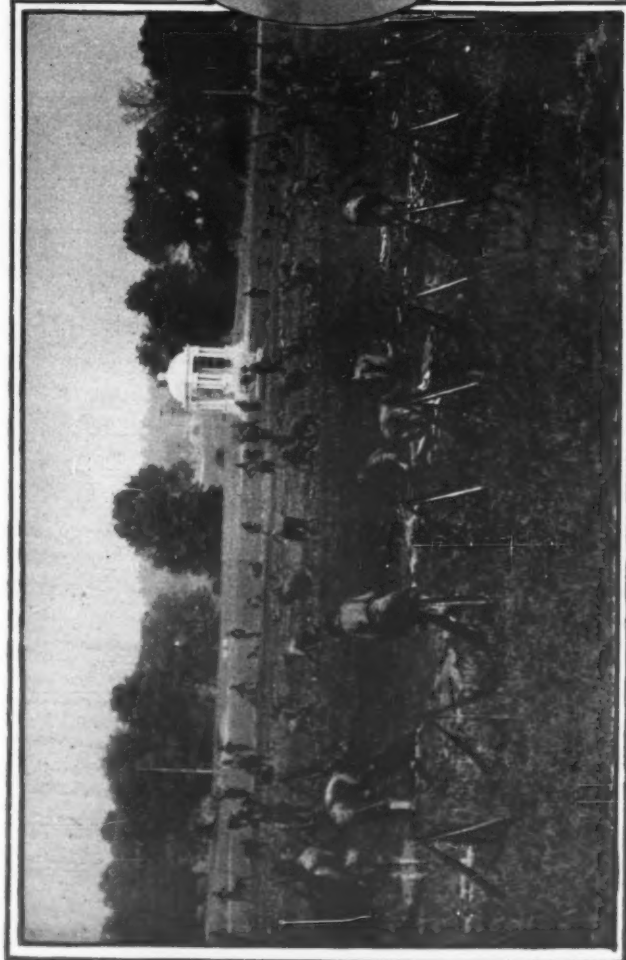


Seasoned fighters of a Turkish army corps on the march for the Far East fighting front, in Asia Minor.
(Photos © International News Service.)

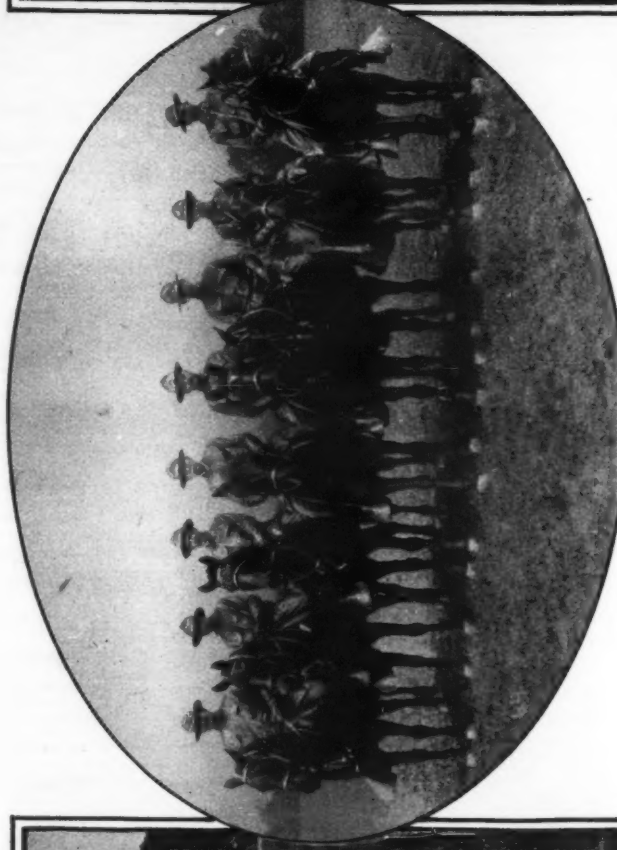
At Chickamauga Park, Where Southern Business Men Have Gone Into Camp



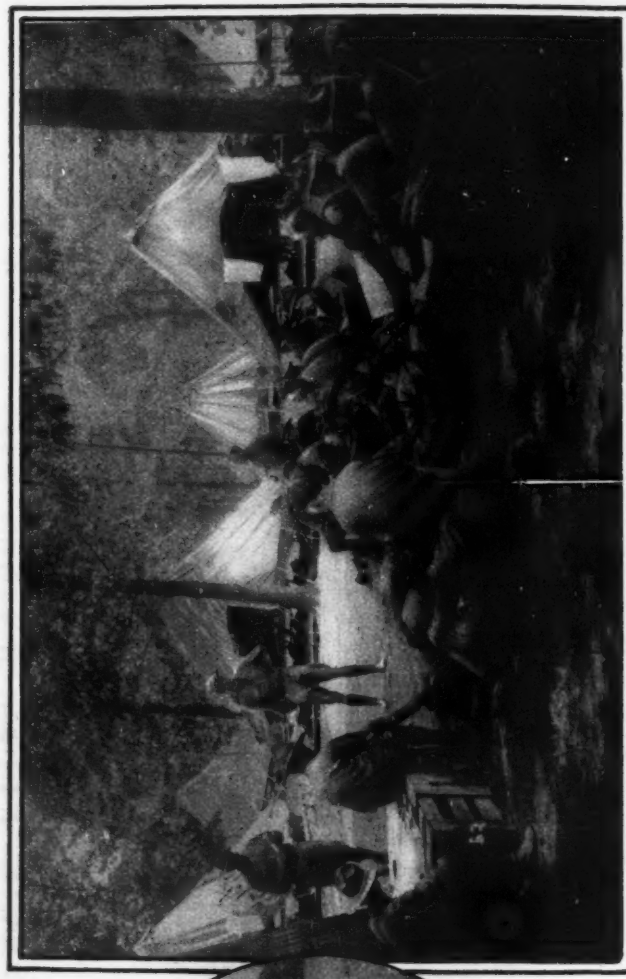
A BATTALION OF THE CITIZEN SOLDIERY IN THE SOUTHERN MILITARY TRAINING CAMP AT FORT OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA.



Preparing to pitch shelter tents in Chickamauga Park.

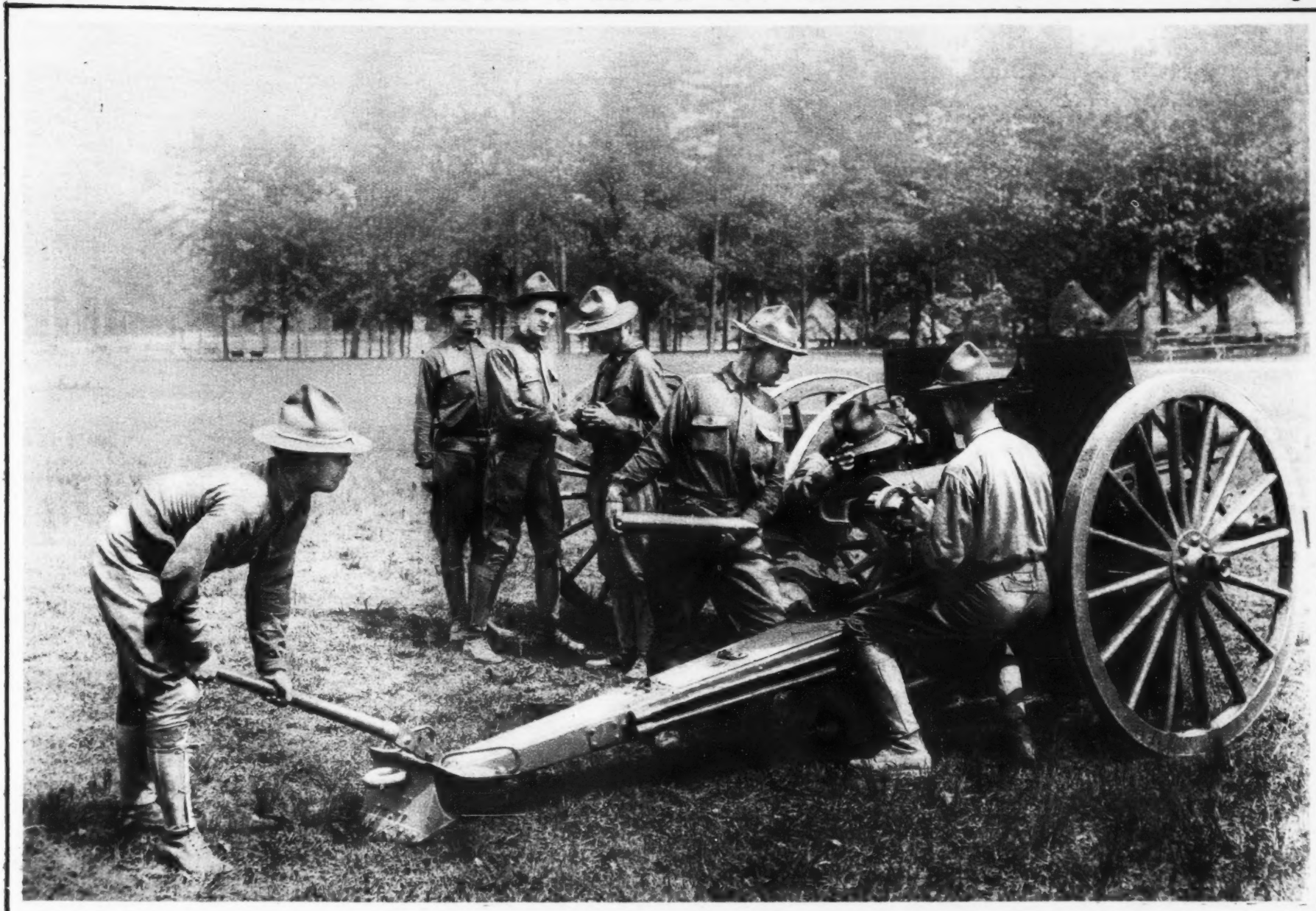


A typical cavalry squad at Chickamauga.
(Photos by R. A. Knowles.)



A blackboard lecture in the hot hours of the afternoon.

With Rifle and Field Piece at the Southern Camp



With a three-inch field gun—light artillery drill at the camp in Chickamauga Park.



An advance through a wood in a sham combat at the Southern military training camp.

(Photos from R. A. Knowles, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.)

Down in Mexico With Our Su



At the American camp at San Antonio, Mexico. American soldiers (on the left) watch Carranza troops railroading through, supposedly to hunt for Villa.

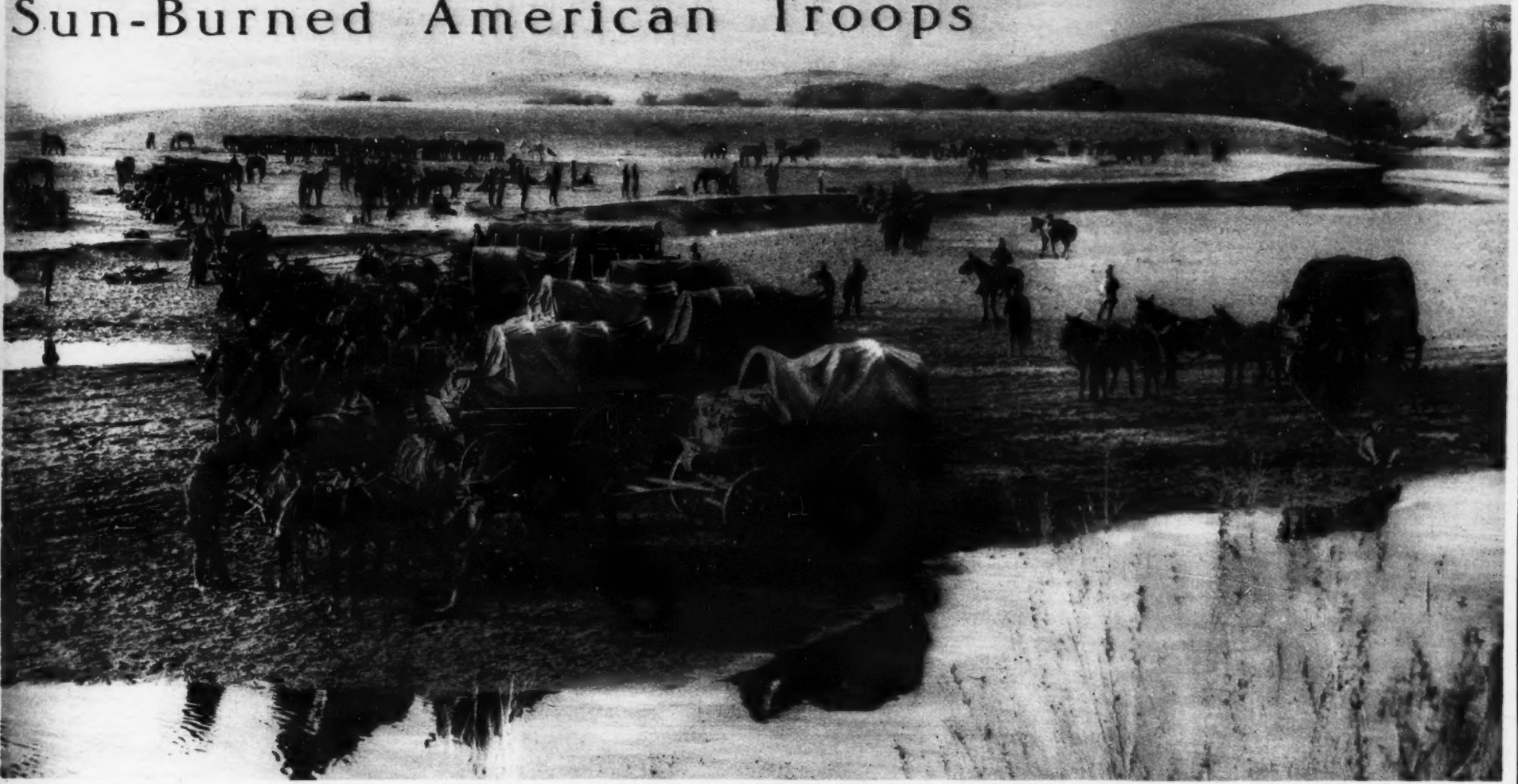


How the Americans must travel: Companies D, E, F, G, H, of the Sixth United States Infantry, arriving in camp near Namiquipa, Mexico, after a six-day hike.



Women and children tenting on the roof of one of the Carranzista trains; the families of the Mexican fighters follow the soldiers wherever they go.

Our Sun-Burned American Troops



A wagon pack train arriving on the outskirts of Las Cruces, at the end of a thirty-two-mile hike through the mountain passes of Mexico.

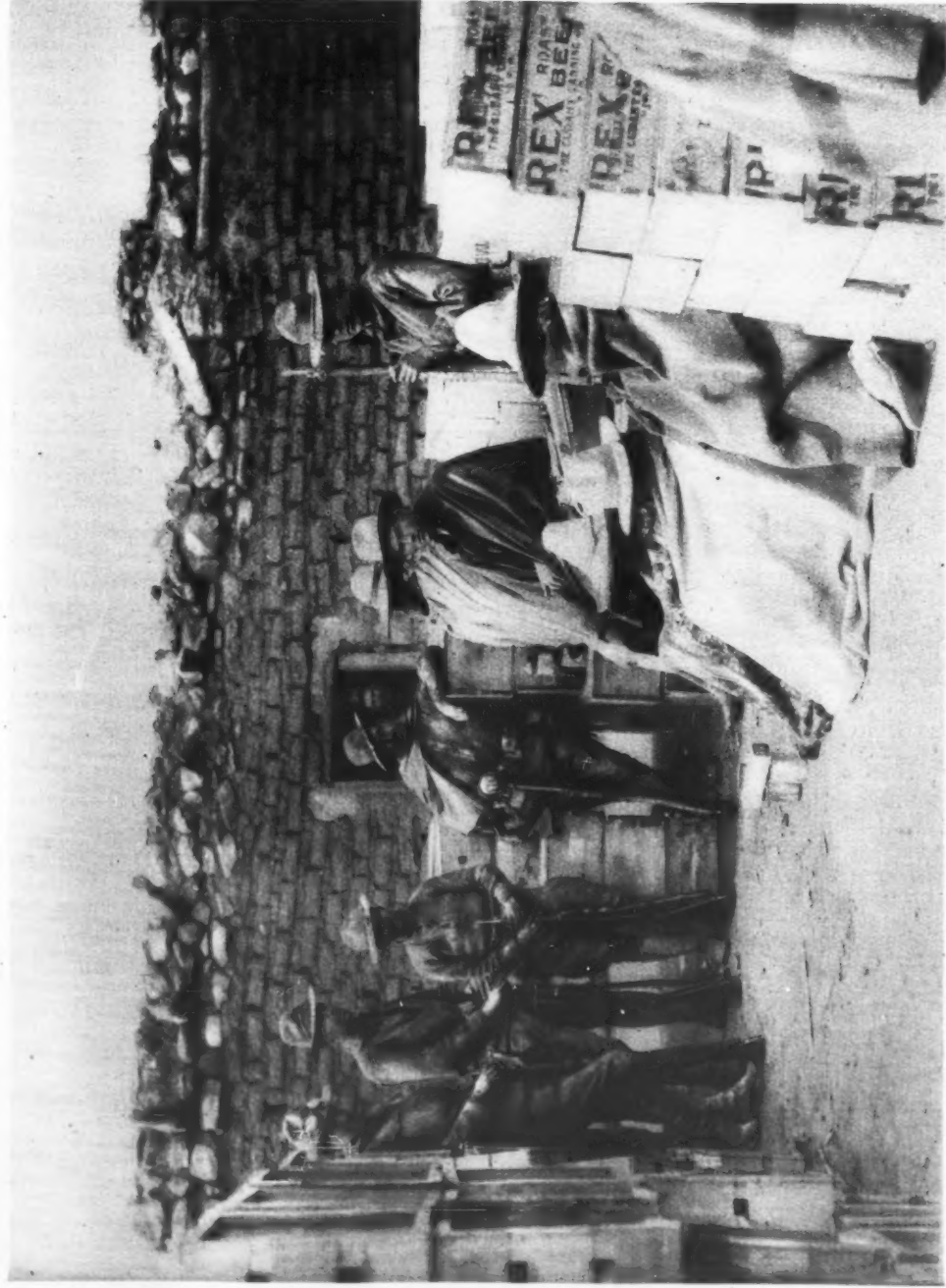


When Mexico refused the United States permission to use her railways: Pack mules of the Sixth Artillery, loaded with supplies, crossing the Mexican sands.

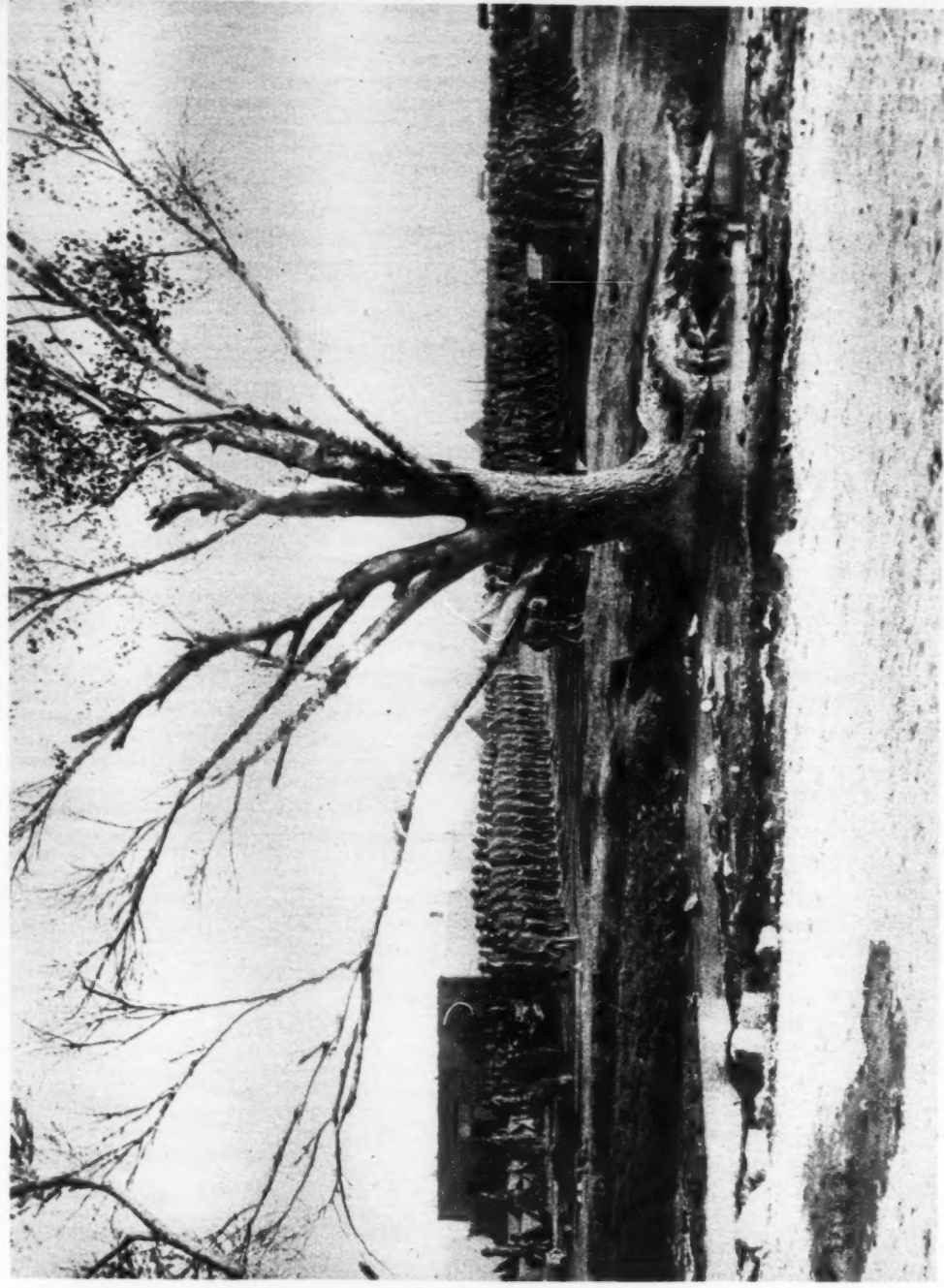


A comprehensive view of the camp of American forces—mostly the Sixth United States Infantry—at San Antonio, Mexico.

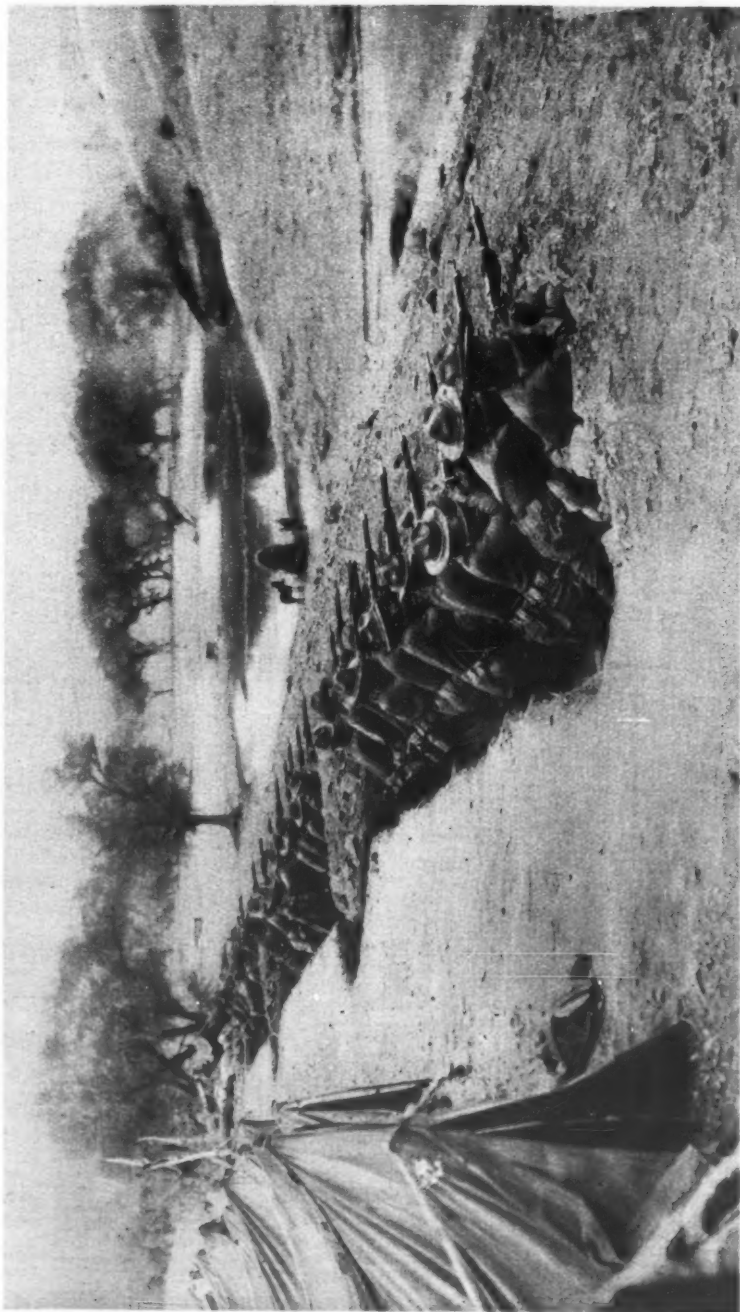
In the Land of Adobe



Some of the Mexicans who participated in raids on United States soil being guarded by American infantry after their capture in the Mexican mountains.



National Guardsmen, called out by President Wilson, encamped at Polomas, on the Mexican border, ready to repel invasion or help out the American regulars.



Company A of the Sixth United States Infantry entrenched at their camp near Las Cruces, Mexico, in case of an attack by a large force of Mexicans.



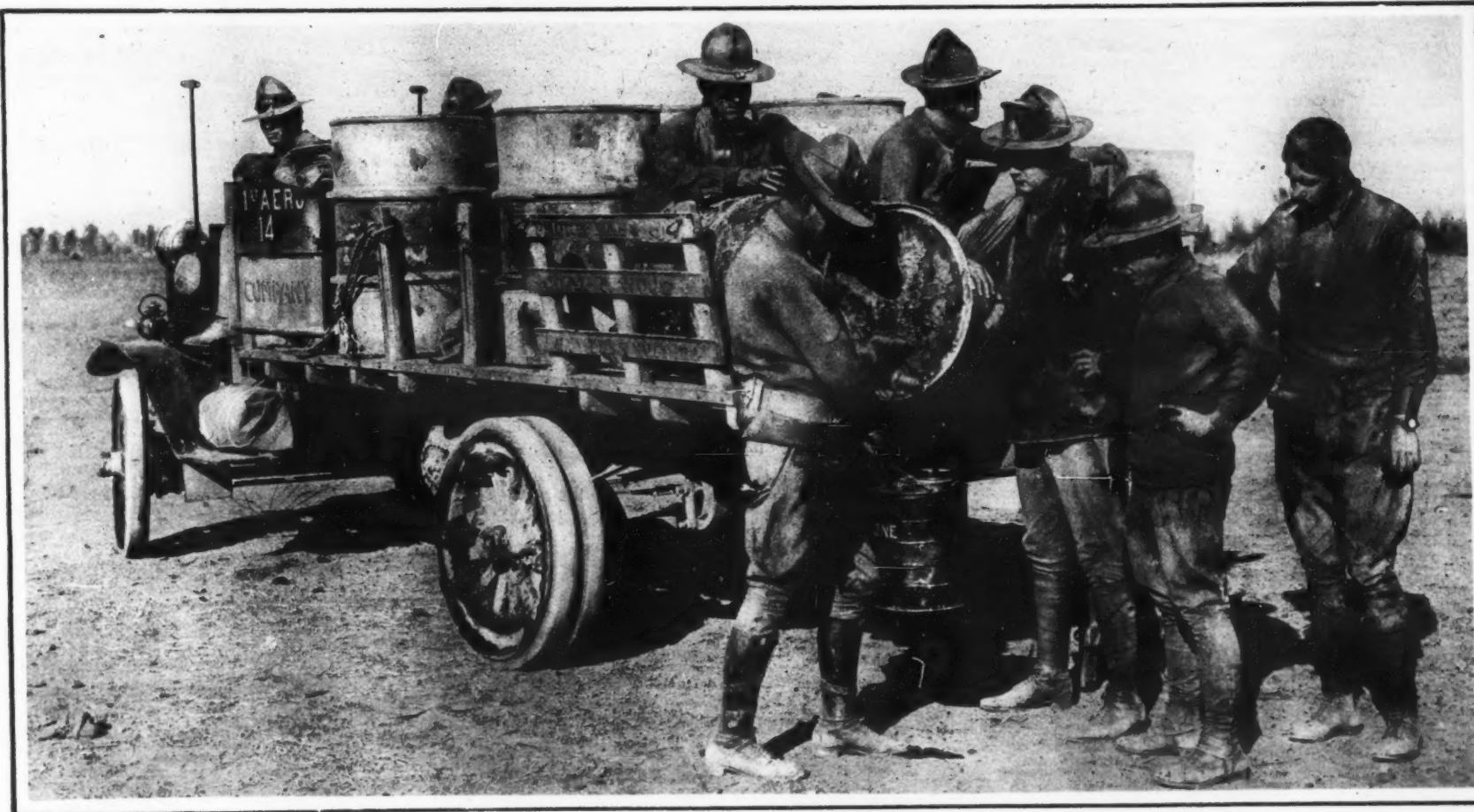
Out from their adobe huts come the natives to watch the "gringos" guarding the railway line "somewhere in Mexico."

(Photos © International News Service.)

The Motor Truck as a Friend Indeed (in Mexico)



Precious
stuff—
water! This
is the
water wagon
in the
desert.



Gas—the
sinews of
quick trans-
portation!

(Photos ©
International
News
Service.)

Going some!

But not a
joy ride.

(Photo ©
Underwood &
Underwood.)

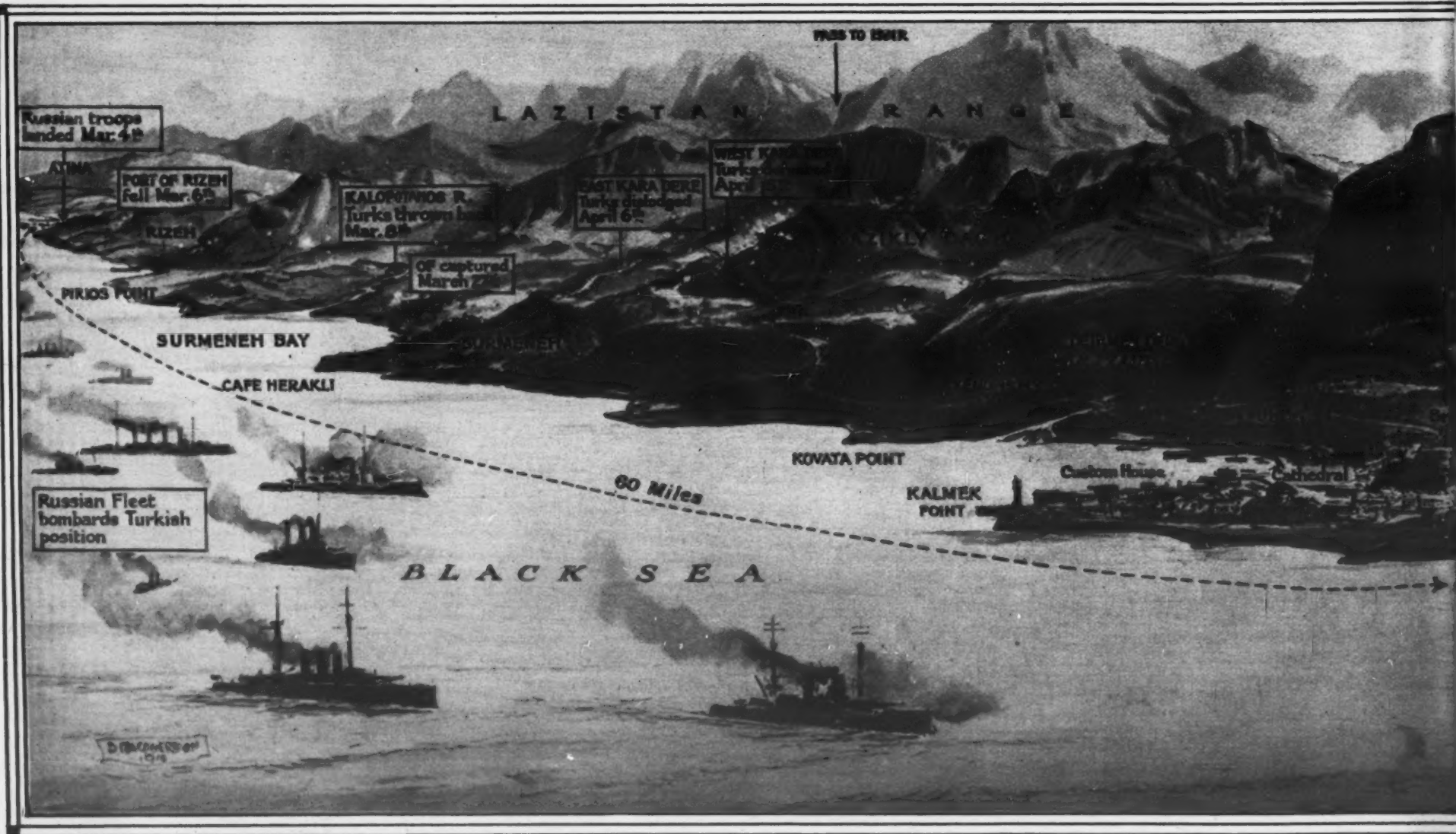


How the Russian Armies Closed in on Trebizond



The view is taken from the Turkish position around Baiburt, looking along the romantic Chorokh Valley toward Ispir and Petekrek, beyond which is the Russian frontier. One line of Russian advance

is seen approaching the spectator in the direction of Baiburt, while a second is pushing northwards by the mountain pass from Ispir to Rizeh to join the Russian coast column which was landed at Atina



The famous port—once the capital of the dispossessed Emperors of the Eastern Roman Empire, after the sack of Constantinople by the Venetians and Crusaders in 1204—is seen between the steep

slopes of the Pontine range and the sea. The successive stages of the Russian coastal column are shown by dates attached to the

from

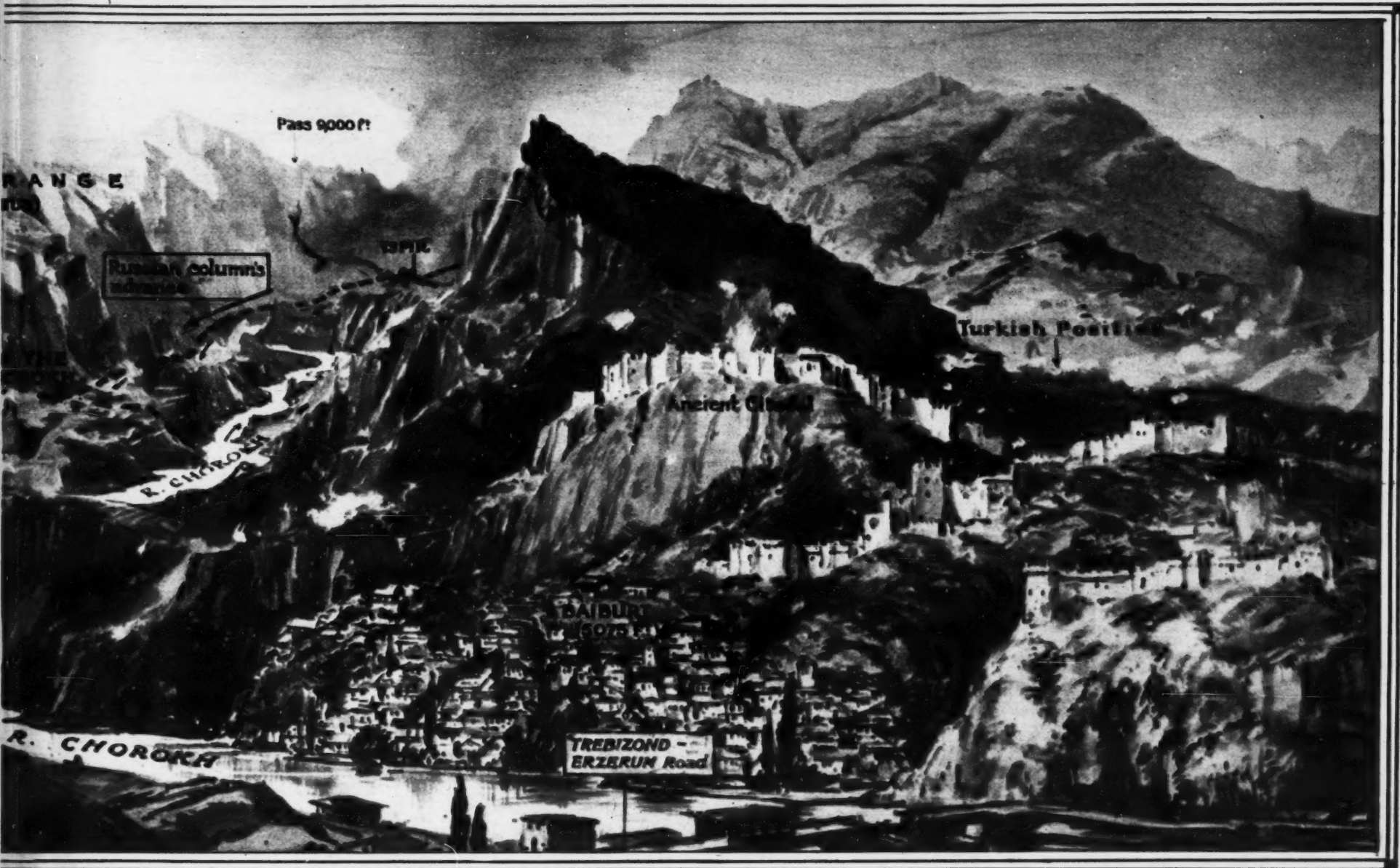
LAZISTAN

THE
on Ma
Trebiz
the ro

TR
Remains
and Mo

CLOS
names
Kalop

from the Sea and from the Hill-Torn Shore



THE GRAND DUKE'S ARMIES.

on March 4. On the extreme left is the mountain road from Trebizond by which the expelled garrison made its retreat to gain the road to Erzingan. The whole of this portion of country is

very historic ground, and the route shown here as taken by the Grand Duke Nicholas's troops cuts across the line of march of Xenophon's ten thousand men.



CLOSED IN ON TREBIZOND.

names of the shore positions: Atina, March 4; Rizeh, March 6; Kalopotamos, March 8; Of, March 27; East Kara-dere, April 6;

West Kara-dere, April 15; and Trebizond itself fell on April 18. The Russian fleet operations are also indicated.

(Published by arrangement with The Sphere, London; © U. S. A. by N. Y. H. Co.)



*A view over the City of Nancy; it is a place of over 90,000 inhabitants and lies but ten miles from the German frontier.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)*

Nancy, Metz, and the Valley of the Moselle

By Charles Johnston

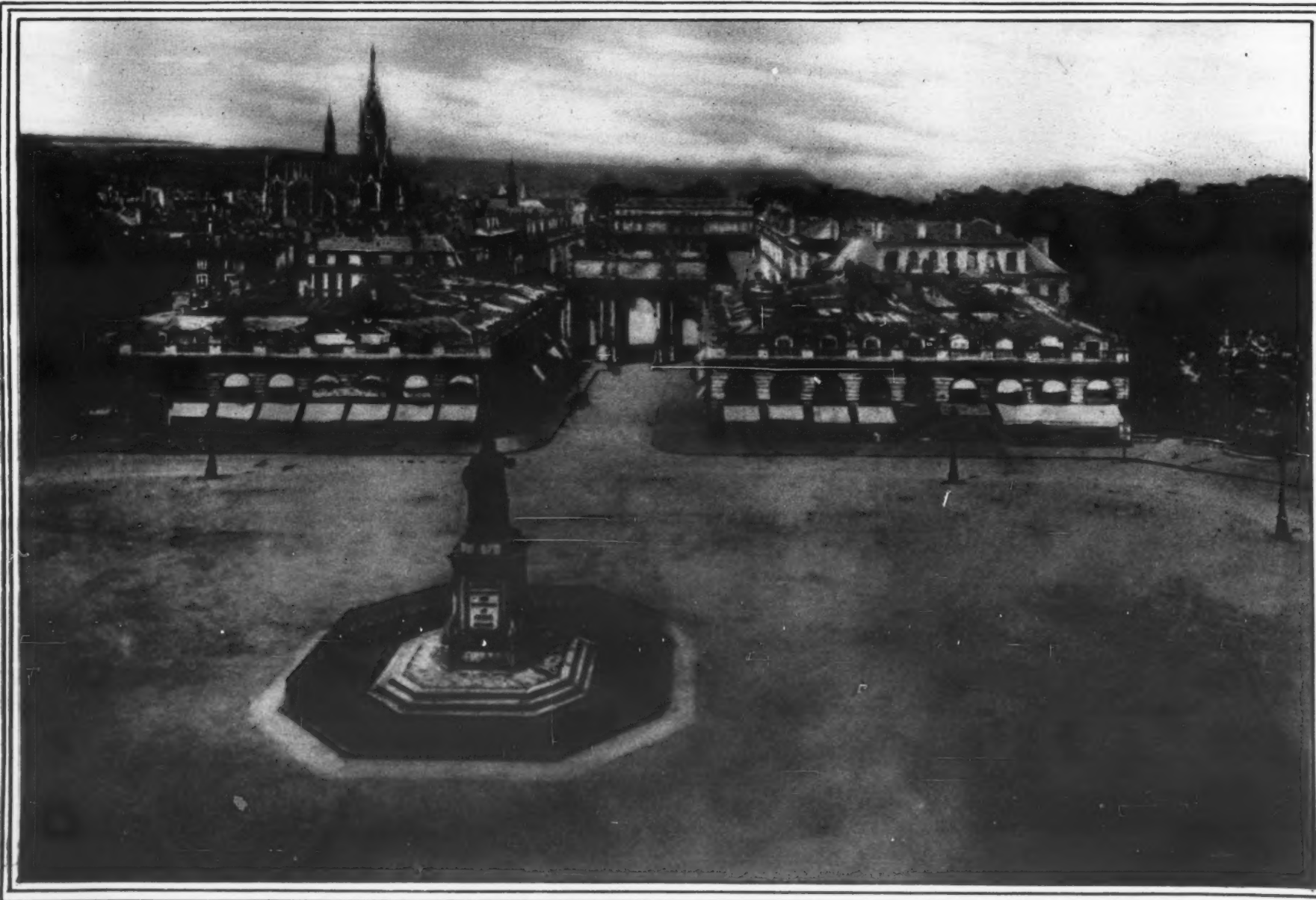
OF Nancy, one remembers best the beautiful square, which has still a certain royal air about it, reminding us that this is the old capital of Lorraine; the quaint and charming little park that opens diagonally from

one corner of the square; the magnificent iron-work of the tall gates, with their gilding; the lovely old churches.

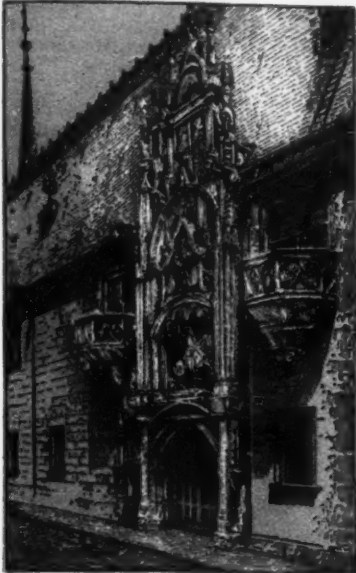
One remembers, too, the motor ride to Metz, for the most part along the

course of the Moselle, here a gentlemanly little river winding its way among meadows, with a placid, tame canal beside it, to carry a part of its waters, and to spare to those happy

French canalboats that Robert Louis Stevenson so delighted in the winding meanders of the river. Then the German frontier, with its harsh brusquemannered guards, and Metz itself full of the strident notes of Prussian military



The Place Stanislas, the show place of Nancy, with the statue of Stanislas Leczinski in its centre.



The ancient ducal palace of Nancy.

force—all but the splendid, lofty cathedral, which remains within unalterably French—very stately, very dark, very sad. Then back again to Nancy, through smiling, sunny country, where every picturesque little farmhouse and cottage had its bowers of roses of every hue; with splendid, drooping trees spread like an awning over the road, as so often in France; and so again through the cheerful suburbs to the fine square, with its air of ecclesiastic and monarchic dignity, for all that it is a city of Republican France.

And nowhere during the approach to Nancy, or departing—and we traversed three or four different main roads—did one get the least hint or indication to the eye that this was a fortified place;



The cathedral at Metz.



or, rather, for Nancy itself was not fortified, one got no hint that it was the focus of a grand system of fortifications.

Nancy is on a little tributary of the Moselle, the Meurthe, and, like several other towns of this region, among them Verdun, it lies in the trough of the long valley through which the river wanders, while some little distance off, on the right hand and on the left, there are rows of hills, rather steep, densely wooded with fine and lofty trees, which somewhat shut the city in, and rob it of any wide prospect over the surrounding country. Along the Moselle, which, on the level of Nancy, lies a little to the west, there are exactly similar rows of hills, fairly even

in height, thickly wooded, and these Moselle crests and ridges form the basis of the great fortress of Toul, which stretches out toward Verdun to the north and toward Epinal to the south; these three being cardinal points in France's eastern wall of fortifications. Nancy is some little distance beyond the wall on the German side, standing forth toward enemy country. It was necessary, therefore, to arrange defenses for Nancy also. As a basis was taken, just as in the case of Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort, the ring of wooded hills grouped about the city at the edges of the river valley, and on and among these hills was designed the system called the Grand Crowned Fortress of Nancy.

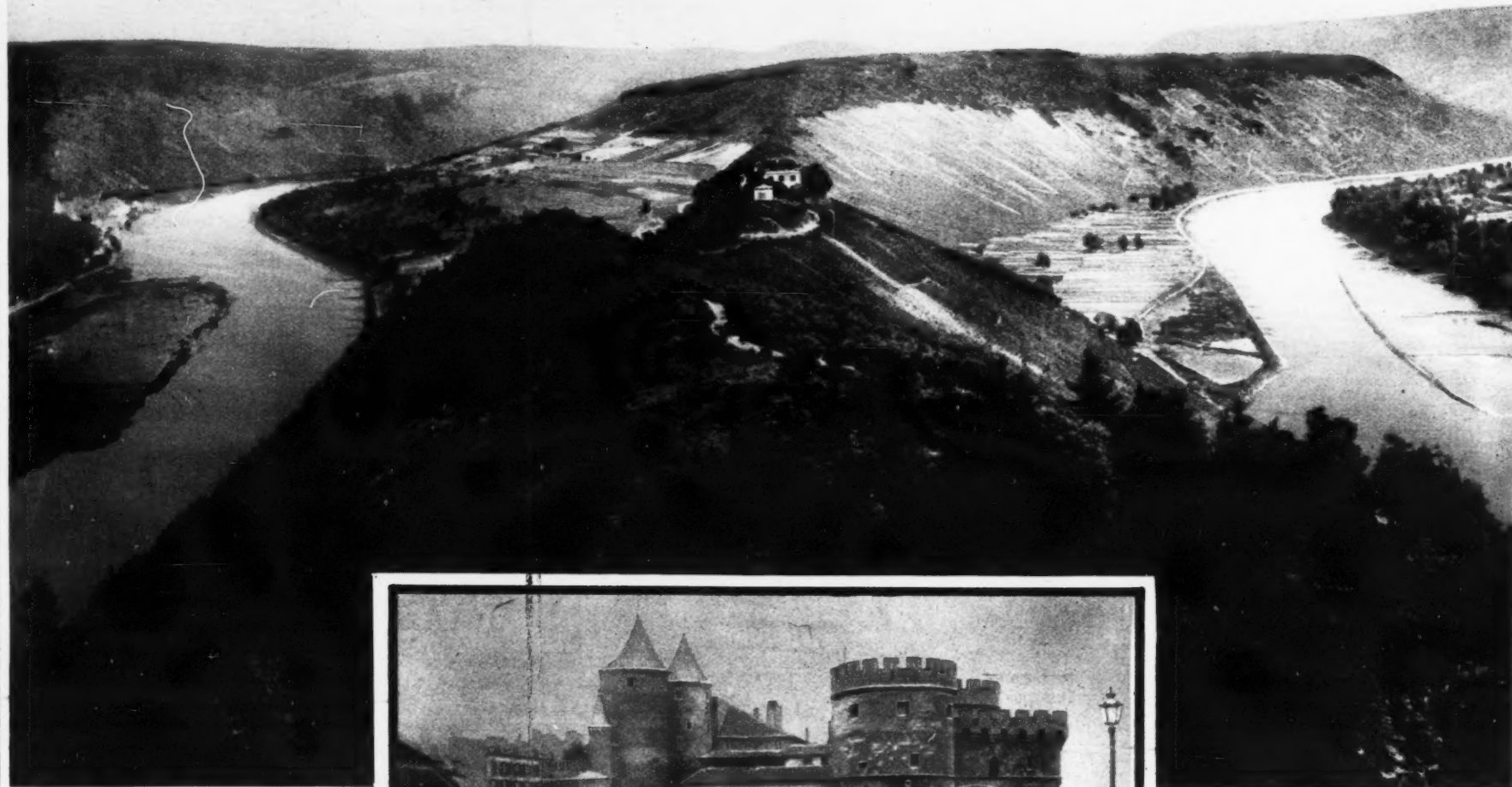
So well are the forts hidden, that



The River Moselle at Metz, taken from the Pont Moreau.



*A scene along the banks of the Moselle at the Prefecture Bridge, Metz.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)*



Beautiful scenery along the Moselle.

you could wander for days among these very hills and see nothing at all suggesting military purposes, nothing but fine thickets of trees on the hill-tops, and, on the slopes, meadows of rich grass and clover, where grazed serene, cream-colored kine. In May, the woods ring all day to the insistent



The gate of the Germans in Metz.

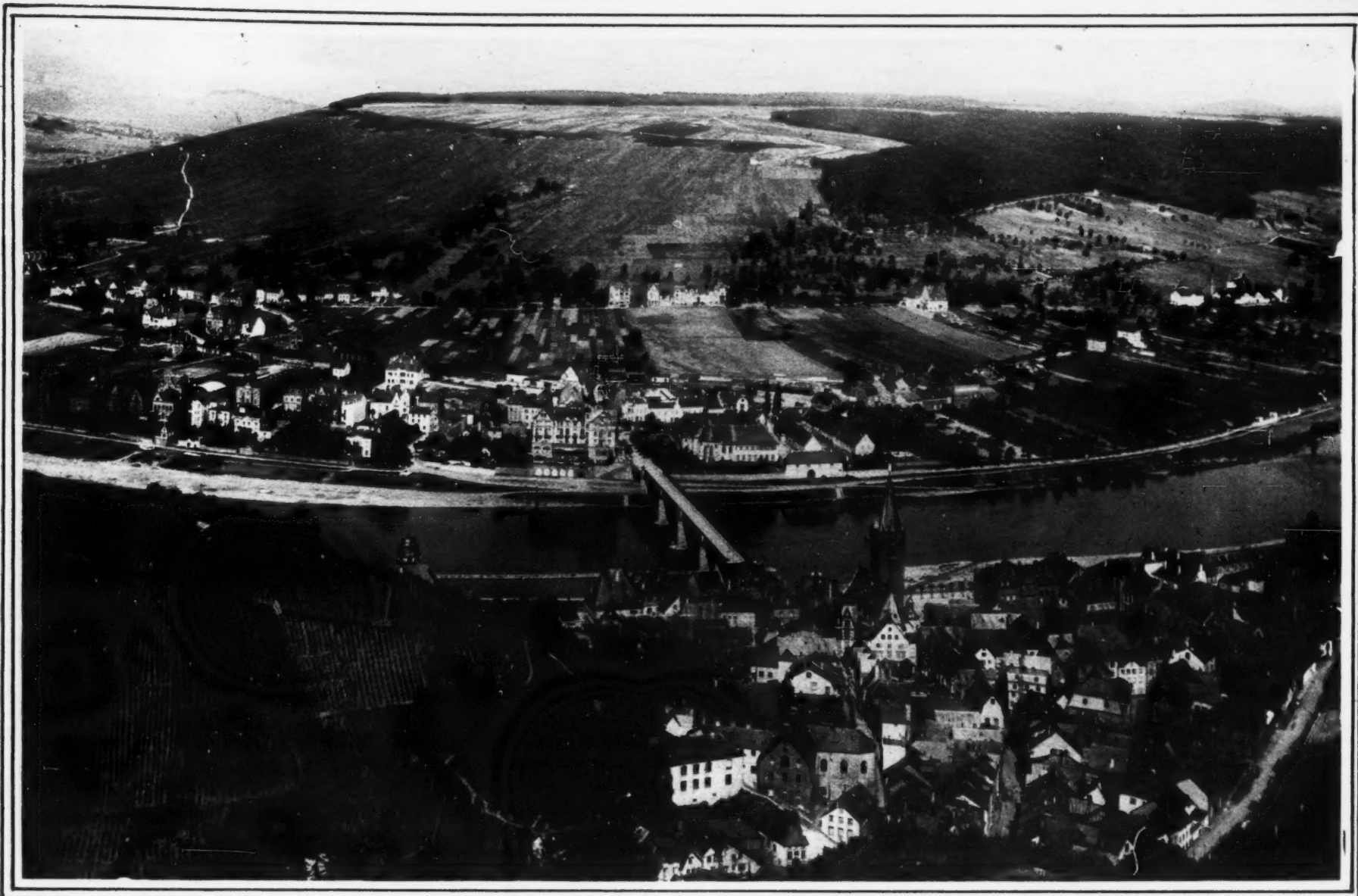
The river's valley above the City of Metz.

call of the cuckoos; at night, they are thrilled with the passionate song of nightingales; while, in the meadows, corn-crakes cry, dry-voiced, monotonous, iterant.

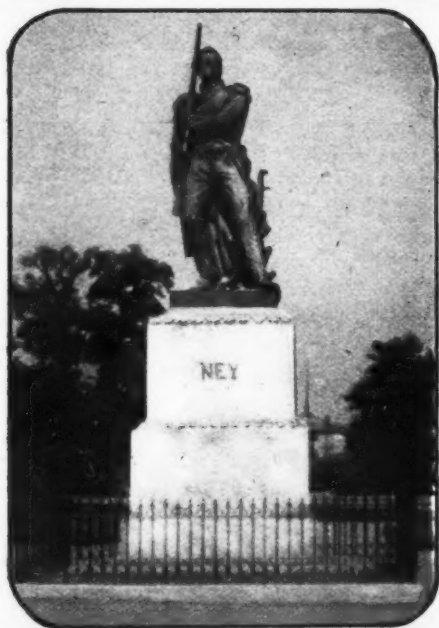
The highest of these hilltops about Nancy is the summit called Amance, from which one sees the other hills, its



*A general view over the City of Metz, Germany's stronghold in old Alsace.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)*



How the Valley of the Moselle develops; the view shows Berncastle on the river, with the Kaiserstuhl Mountain in the background.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

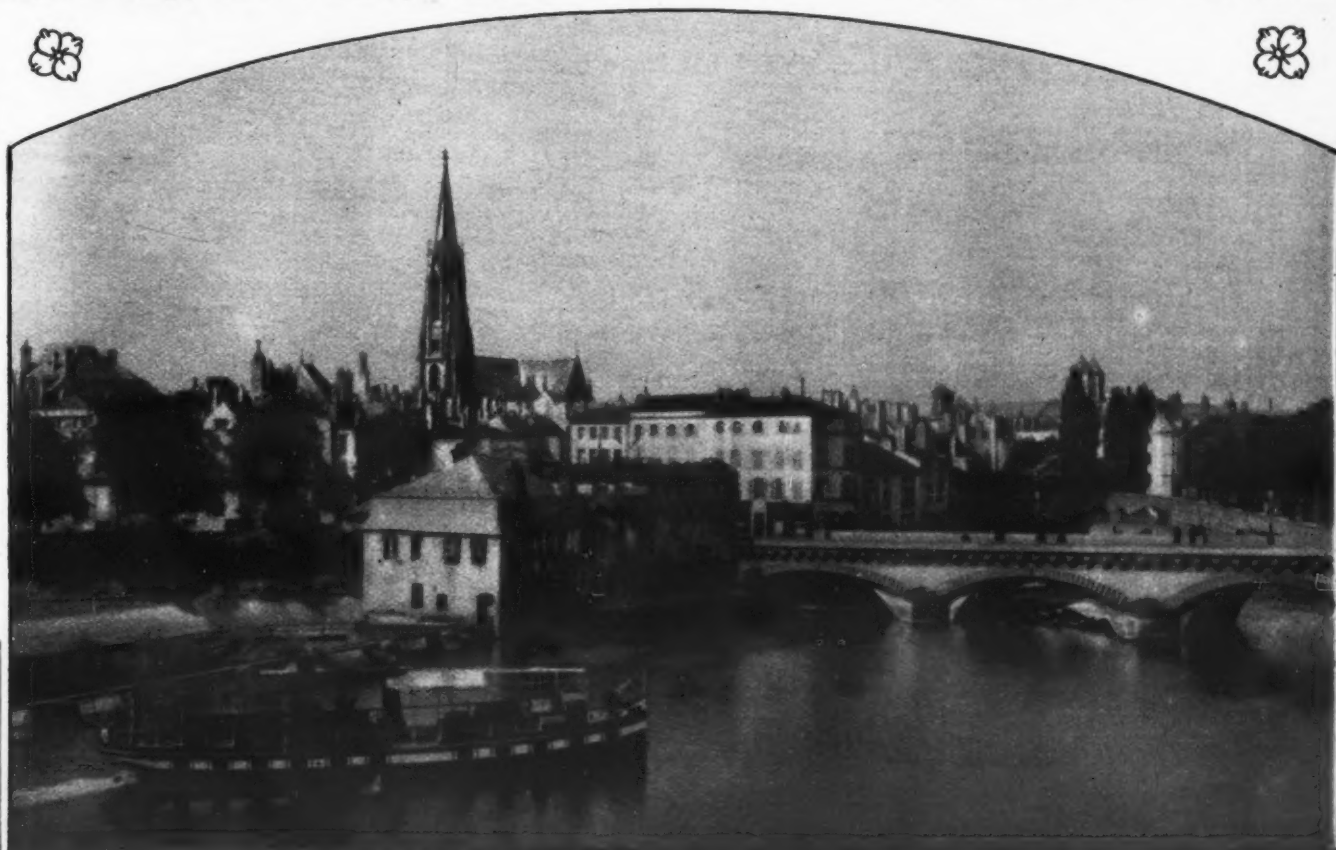


The statue to Marechal Ney, at Metz.

neighbors: Saint Genevieve, Toulon Hill, the Hill of Saint John, the spur of La Rochette, the Sugar Loaf, the height of Pulnoy. From all these hilltops you overlook the undulating plain of le Seille, the gloomy forest of Champe-

noux, and, if the air be very clear after Summer rain, you can see, away to the north, the spires of Metz, the ridge of Delme, which leads the eye to the east and the south to the ridges of the Vosges.

There are charming and sunlit valleys among the forest-crowned hills. The Valley of La Natagne separates the hills of Saint Genevieve, Toulon, and Saint John from the plateau of the Chapitre Wood. The Valley of La



A river-front scene in the heart of Metz.



In Metz: the arcades of the Place St. Louis.

Mauchere runs up to the steep plateau of the Forest of Faux. The Valley of L'Amazule spreads between Mount Amance and the plateau of Malzeville, which directly dominates Nancy. The Valley of La Pissotte opens out to the south.

On the western side are a like series of wooded hills and valleys, stretching westward toward Toul. And in reality these peaceful-seeming hilltops bristle with guns; but with guns so skillfully placed that you may walk all around them without guessing that they are there.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

More British Recruiting Posters



Tommy Atkins' smiling face extends an invitation.

WHO'S ABSENT?



Is it you?

The call of duty to the absentees.

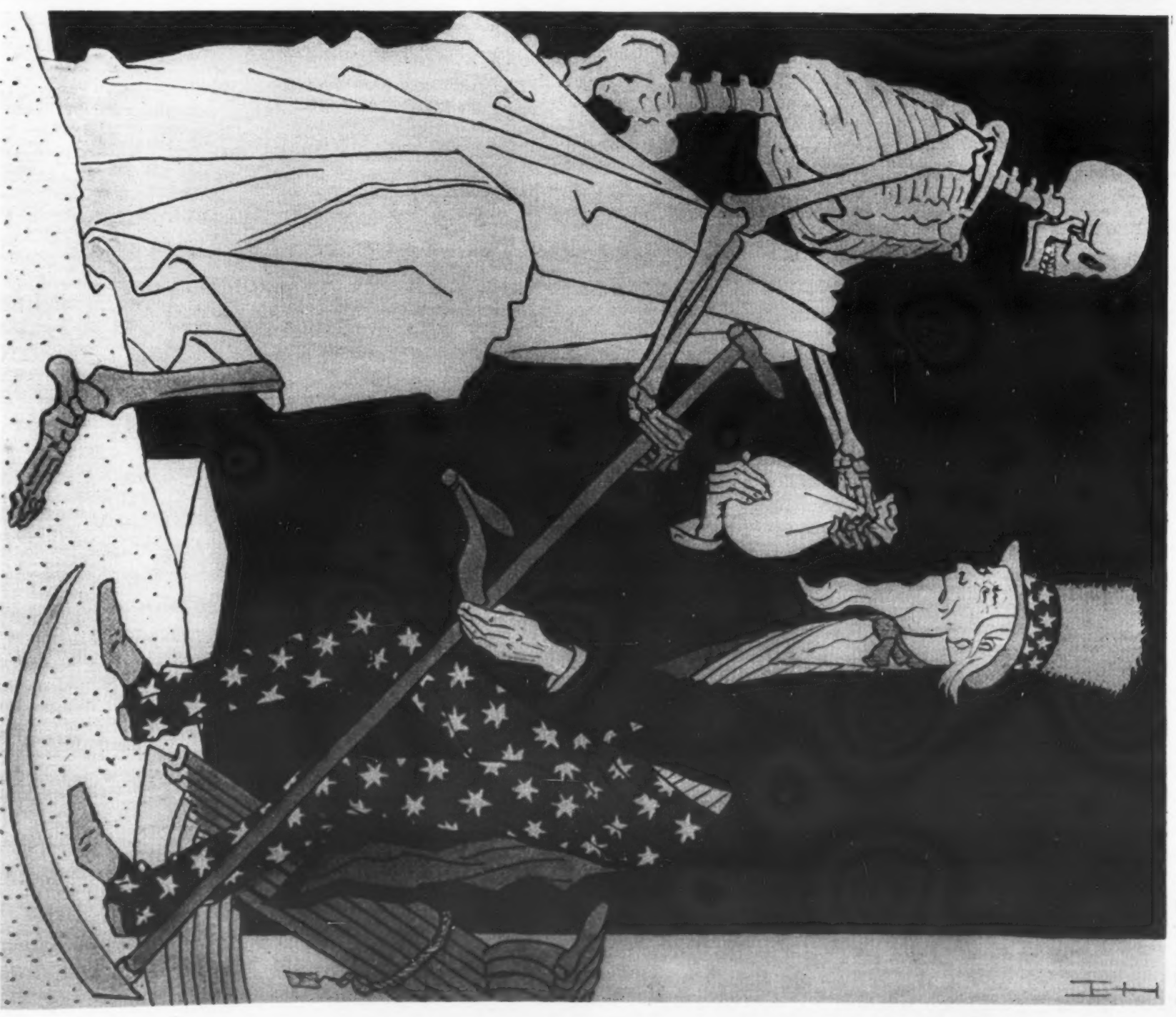


An appeal to conscience and reason.

Cartoonists of the Central Empires See Death as the Munitions Master

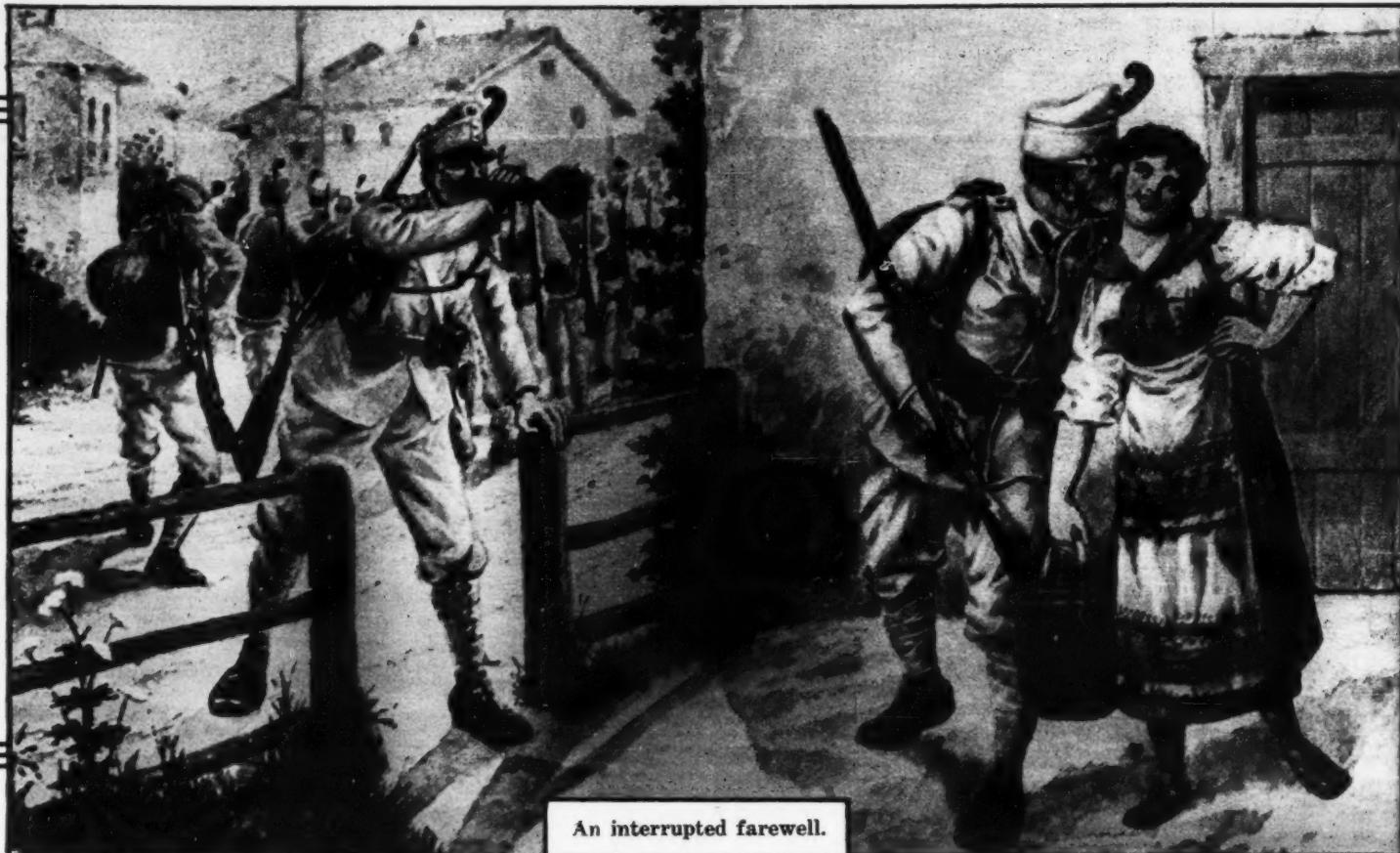


A German cartoon showing the spirit of death directing the work in French and British arsenals.

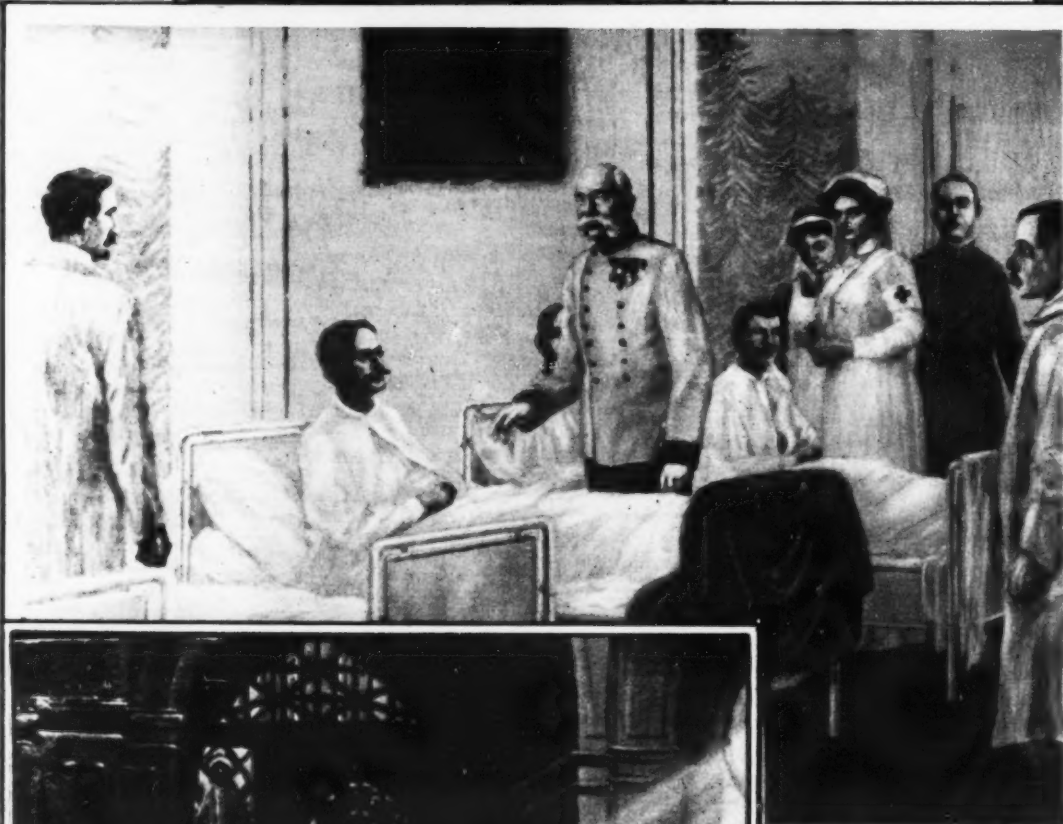


Death buys an instrument of more power from the United States—an Austrian conception.

The Spirit of the Warring Nations Expressed in Popular Postcards—XVIII.



An interrupted farewell.



Emperor Franz Josef visits the Austrian hospitals.



(At right) The Red Cross on the battlefield; inset is Archduke Leopold Salvator, head of Austrian Red Cross.



"Let there be no strife in the house of God!"



"Needs must when the devil drives"—the requisition.